

Behind the smallest theatre in London is one of the biggest stories of modern stage history. For "Good Morning" readers, who have seen many pictures of Windmill Theatre artistes, it is told below, while on the back page our camera records the secret of how uninterrupted production of non-stop Revue-deville is maintained.

WINDMILL SAGA

By RONALD RICHARDS

I HAVE never seen a Windmill show—I have never sat in any of the 312 seats in London's smallest theatre. What qualifications have I, then, to tell the story of the home and birth-place of non-stop variety?

I have no qualifications other than a couple of weeks back stage, during which time I talked with Producer Vivian Van Damm; I had coffee with his assistant, Miss Anne Mitelle; I enjoyed beans on toast in the canteen with many of the girls; I quaffed pints of ale with Stage Manager Johnny Gale and his assistants; I shared cans of tea with scene shifters and propmen; I sat for hours with the telephone operator-stage doorman, listening and comparing my experiences of this war and his of 1914; I spent afternoons in the box office, in the rehearsal room, in the carpenter's shop, in the costume designers' workroom and in the resident photographer's studio.

That was how I spent two of the happiest weeks of my life; these are my impressions.

Birth of an idea

Heartbreaks—bitter disappointments—love—romance—and guts were the foundation stones of this London oasis. It began like this.

In 1931, Mrs. Laura Henderson, distressed by the number of actors and actresses who, hit by the national depression, were destitute, invested her entire fortune in a tiny spot of land. She had a theatre built—a funny little place with odd corners and numerous spiral staircases and a maze of passages. She engaged down-and-out "theatricals" and presented drama.

The real drama, however, was back stage. The show failed, and the actors, who, with their lives dedicated to acting, could do nothing but act, were once again in search of a living.

The theatre turned over to films, only to register another hopeless failure.

"We were all very distressed," said Mr. Van Damm, who, with the sponsor, never gave up hope.

"Then one day we decided to take a final gamble. Non-stop variety was unheard of, but we were desperate, and thought it might catch on. The opening night was one of the most concentrated misery I can ever recall. However, we had nothing more to lose, so we let it run. It picked up, and—well, you know the rest."

Those are the words of the great showman—words that not only tell of a decade in the lives of Laura Henderson and Vivian Van Damm, but words that typify the courage and romance of this great little outpost of the theatrical profession. That was how it started. But what of to-day? Into what have those tireless efforts matured?

A money-maker

The theatre is successful today—it is making a lot of money. Do these two pioneers, who fearlessly shared the worry and anxiety, now share the profits?

Yes, they do share the success, between themselves—and between the patrons—and between 132 other people—the cashiers—the doormen—the girls—the canteen workers and the cleaners.



MRS. LAURA HENDERSON

There is a doctor on the payroll to keep the staff fit—there is a dentist who regularly inspects their teeth—there is a sun-ray room where they may bathe in the artificial sun—there is a Savings group, there is an insurance scheme for every employee with three years' service, which amounts virtually to a gift of nearly £200 to every qualifying member—there is a loan club, and there is a pension scheme. To the staff that spells complete happiness and harmony. To me it spells Democracy—with a great big D.

Heroines—and glamour

Meet some of the girls. Margot, the glamorous dancer, who lives at Lewisham with her parents. Every pay-day she hands her unopened packet to her mother, who puts the money away for her.

Joan Rock, who spends her leisure hours embroidering for her bottom drawer and collecting curios and playing with her three cats.

Julie Behar, whose hobby is London—she knows it better than any postman.

Huia Cooper, who, New Zealand born, is a collector of rare books.

I could introduce many more; I could tell you of their devotion to and love of the Windmill. Take a page from the life of the theatre, a page dated any day of the blitz, 1940.

Night after night, day after day, death was raining down from the sky, Hitler was trying to kill the Windmill girls, and anyone who represented freedom and democracy. He did kill many thousands; he drove

out of London every show but that at the Windmill. They stayed on—not once was the curtain a minute late—not once did Vivian Van Damm close his doors—not once did a performance cover expenses. Not one day passed without the boss saying, "You can go home if you want to, girls." Not one girl left, not one cleaner put down her mop, not one stage hand took off his overalls.

It takes guts to stand on the stage singing a carefree song or doing a look-what-I've-got-act and appear quite unconcerned about the planes droning overhead, the reverberating thuds of bombs, and the spattering of shell splinters on the roof.

When the air raids first started, the manager used to interrupt the show, tell the audience that an "Alert" had sounded, and suggest that anyone who wanted to could go to a shelter. But nobody ever did, so the manager didn't bother any more.

Two days

That was any day—or every day. Now let me select two particular days.

First day . . . Joan Jay was having supper after the last performance, in a cafe across the street from the theatre. A bomb fell in the street and killed the man sitting next to her. She was knocked unconscious. Her dancing partner carried her back to the theatre, where a doctor examined her, and found eleven shrapnel wounds. After two and a half months in hospital and a fortnight in the country she was back at work, dancing, and singing "What do I care."



Producer Vivian Van Damm, of the Windmill Theatre, as seen by our caricaturist, Jack Monk.



Specially taken for "Good Morning" by George Greenwell to symbolise "The Windmill"—where, we repeat, the show is always clever and never unclean—always artistic and never ugly. The model is "Peggy," of the Windmill.

Second day . . . A load of incendiary bombs dropped on and around the theatre. Some of the girls rushed up to the roof to deal with them—others ran into the street to render first aid (they all undergo an elementary course of instruction)—while others stayed singing and dancing on the stage. There you have two incidents—there were many more.

They survived the blitz, and they settled down again. The staff went home to sleep—some of the girls phoned their boy friends and told them they could call again, and the script writers were able to go home to work instead of writing in the corridors and dressing-rooms.

Romance

Naturally, the glamour girls of Britain have their romances—I could tell you of several very touching episodes—of Margot and her R.A.F. officer, who is now a prisoner of war—of Judy, the most exotic beauty of all, and a naval lieutenant—of Margaret and a double D.F.C. Instead, I will tell you the story of the little red-head Susie Ward.

Susie, just 22, and bursting with vitality, is one of London's best-known male impersonators.

It was not her impersonations, however, which caused Flight Lieut. David Pritchard, D.S.O., of the Royal New Zealand Air Force, to ask her to become his wife.

At the time Pritchard was one of the few who were driving the Hun from our skies.

At last Susie found a telegram awaiting her at the theatre. Anxiously she ripped open the envelope—the message read: "Arriving. You know why!"

Sure Susie knew, and she commenced the biggest rush of her life, for two days later she married her pilot. Three more days and she was again on the stage—and her husband was again fighting in the sky.

Three weeks later, at an investiture held at Buckingham Palace, the little stage star saw King George pin the D.S.O. on her husband's chest.

Final

Let me introduce the founder—the inspiration and the benefactor. Meet Mrs. Laura Henderson. . . She is 78 years of age—she is grey-haired and has a silvery voice. Her only son was killed in the last war; her husband died soon after.

She had never entered a theatre until she was married, and when she first saw bare knees on the stage she was shocked.

Now she loves to go to the Windmill to see the bright young things of to-day.

On my desk is a slip of paper; it bears the letter "A" and the figure 9. To-morrow I will see my first Windmill show.



Remind me some time, Tubby, to whistle you a couple of bars from the "Windmill's Daughter."

Periscope
PageWANGLING
WORDS 36

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after the letters ASSU, and make a word.

2. Can you mix GIN with DARNEL and make a famous city?

3. Change GONE into WENT, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: ACID into SOUR, WOOL into SOCK, LOSE into FIND.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word DETERMINATION?

Answer to Wangling
Words—No. 35

1. TERNATE.
2. GIRAFFE.
3. WHEAT, CHEAT, CHEAP, CHEEP, CREEP, CREED, BREED, BREAD.

SALE, BALE, BOLE, BOLT, COLT, COST.

WATCH, PATCH, PITCH, PINCH, PUNCH, LUNCH, LYNCH.

PRICE, TRICE, TRICK, BRICK, CRICK, CHICK, CHUCK, CLUCK, CLOCK.

4. Them, Rite, Rate, Calm, Mate, Meat, Time, Team, Item, Tale, Mite, Tail, Mail, Male, Mile, Lime, Liar, etc.

Lithe, Mirth, Camel, Their, Claim, Therm, Trail, Realm, Later, Earth, Metal, Clear, etc.

WORD LADDER

S	H	O	E	S
B	O	O	T	S

Can you change SHOES to BOOTS in four stages, changing one letter each time?

(Solution in No. 75)

An Invitation
to all
Submariners

Make this your own newspaper by sending us the address of your wife, your mother, your girl-friend, so that we may photograph them and publish their pictures and greetings in these pages. Address on back page.

—THE EDITOR.



A SHORT distance farther lay a little faggot of the same shoots bound together with a strip of bark. Could it have been thrown down by some solitary native, who, alarmed at seeing us, had hurried forward to carry the tidings of our approach to his countrymen? Typee or Happar? But it was too late to recede, so we moved on slowly, my companion in advance casting eager glances under the trees on either side, until all at once I saw him recoil as if stung by an adder. Sinking on his knee, he waved me off with one hand, while with the other he held aside some intervening leaves, and gazed intently at some object.

Disregarding his injunction, I quickly approached him and caught a glimpse of two figures partly hidden by the dense foliage; they were standing close together, and were perfectly motionless. They must have previously perceived us, and withdrawn into the depths of the wood to elude our observation.

My mind was at once made up. Dropping my staff, and tearing open the package of things we had brought from the ship, I unrolled the cotton cloth, and holding it in one hand, plucked with the other a twig from the bushes beside me, and telling Toby to follow my example, I broke through the covert and advanced, waving the branch in token of peace towards the shrinking forms before me.

They were a boy and a girl, slender and graceful, and completely naked, with the exception of a slight girdle of bark, from which depended at opposite points two of the russet leaves of the bread-fruit tree.

QUIZ
for today

1. What is a natterjack?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Seven Seas," (b) "The Seven Lamps of Architecture"?
3. Which of the following words is an "intruder," and why? Frying-pan, Saucepan, Oven, Soap, Basin, Gridiron, Grill.
4. What European monarch played tennis at Wimbledon?
5. Where is the Bay of Plenty?
6. What is a pentagon?
7. What is meant by nepotism?
8. How old was Methuselah when he died?
9. In how many of Shakespeare's plays does a Juliet appear?
10. What is an anker of wine?
11. In what year was the Spanish Armada sighted in the Channel?
12. What is latakia?

Answers to Quiz in
No. 73

1. Marsupial.
2. (a) Thackeray, (b) George Gissing, (c) Francis Bacon.
3. Claret, a drink. All the others are foods.
4. Cockcroft and Walton, 1932, at Cambridge.
5. Black, White, Red, Yellow—and Deep Blue!
6. (a) 119th Psalm, (b) 117th Psalm.
7. A water-clock, invented by the Greeks.
8. "All that glitters is not gold." Shakespeare, in "The Merchant of Venice."
9. Sherlock Holmes's great antagonist.
10. 480.
11. 1649.
12. Leonardo da Vinci.

An arm of the boy, half screened from sight by her wild tresses, was thrown about the neck of the girl, while with the other he held one of her hands in his; and thus they stood together, their heads inclined forward, catching the faint noise we made in our progress, and with one foot in advance, as if half inclined to fly from our presence.

As we drew near, their alarm evidently increased. Apprehensive that they might fly from us altogether, I stopped short and motioned them to advance and receive

not dropped from the clouds upon them.

This appeared to give them a little confidence, so I approached nearer, presenting the cloth with one hand, and holding the bough with the other, while they slowly retreated.

At last they suffered us to approach so near to them that we were enabled to throw the cotton cloth across their shoulders, giving them to understand that it was theirs, and by a variety of gestures endeavouring to make them under-

ROUND THE WORLD
with our
Roving Cameraman

NIGERIAN CANDY IS TOUGH.
He's not trying to pull the tree stump down. But he is trying to give the finishing touches to his candy by stretching it, and then slapping it over the hook, stretching it again and again. After that he will cut off chunks for the inhabitants of Katsina, Nigeria, who like the stuff so well that the candy man always has a good trade.

the gift I extended towards them, but they would not; I then uttered a few words of their language with which I was acquainted, scarcely expecting that they would understand me, but to show that we had

stand that we entertained the highest possible regard for them.

The frightened pair now stood still, whilst we endeavoured to make them comprehend the nature of our wants. In doing this Toby went through with a complete series of pantomimic illustrations—opening his mouth from ear to ear, and thrusting his fingers down his

By HERMAN
MELVILLE

throat, gnashing his teeth and rolling his eyes about, till I verily believe the poor creatures took us for a couple of white cannibals who were about to make a meal of them.

When, however, they understood us, they showed no inclination to relieve our wants. At this juncture it began to rain violently, and we motioned them to lead us to some place of shelter. With this request they appeared willing to comply, but nothing could evince more strongly the apprehension with which they regarded us, than the way in which, whilst walking before us, they kept their eyes constantly turned back to watch every movement we made, and even our very looks.

"Typee or Happar, Toby?" asked I, as we walked after them.

"Of course, Happar," he replied, with a show of confidence which was intended to disguise his doubts.

"We shall soon know," I exclaimed; and at the same moment I stepped forward towards our guides, and pronouncing the two names interrogatively, and pointing to the lowest part of the valley, endeavoured to come to the point at once.

They repeated the words after me again and again, but without giving any peculiar emphasis to either, so that I was completely at a loss to understand them; for a couple of wily young things than we afterwards found them to have been on this particular occasion never probably fell in any traveler's way.

More and more curious to ascertain our fate, I now threw together in the form of a question the words "Happar" and "Mortarkee," the latter being equivalent to the word "good."

The two natives interchanged glances of peculiar meaning with one another at this, and manifested no little surprise; but on the repetition of the question, after some consultation together, to the great joy of Toby, they answered in the affirmative.

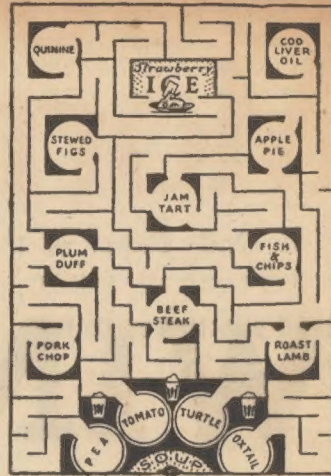
Toby was now in ecstasies, especially as the young savages continued to reiterate their answer with great energy, as though de-

Continued on Page 3.

Who is it?

With seven other men, he went to a Devonshire junketing on horseback. The grey mare, who carried these passengers, naturally broke down, made her will, and whereupon her owner burst into tears. The passengers died, too, and on dark and windy nights the ghosts of the entire party may be seen wandering about the countryside, groaning and crying. Who was he?

(Answer on Page 3)



TIFFIN

Have a three-course lunch with a tit-bit at the end! Choose a soup, and then pass on to a meat dish, a sweet, and—if you have chosen the right meal—a strawberry ice. You must take your courses in the right order, having only one of each, and no second helpings, and you may not travel over the same paths twice. Which meal on the menu includes the strawberry ice?

(Answer to-morrow.)

ODD
CORNER

MR. BRADY, an architect, of Baltimore, U.S.A., thought it a pity that the world contained no memorial to its first Man. He calculated—but please don't ask how—that Adam was born 5,931 years ago, about the middle of November.

Mr. Brady erected a statue in his garden, and inscribed it to "ADAM, THE FIRST MAN," and every year, between November 8 and 15, visitors come from neighbouring towns to pay tribute to the First Man and the Founder of the Human Race; the Man who let us all down.

At Fountain Inn, South Carolina, Mr. Robert Quillen erected a marble memorial bearing the inscription, "TO EVE, THE FIRST WOMAN." Mr. Quillen said that he had put it up "as a whim, but mainly because nobody else had thought of doing so."

Isn't it time Abel had a cenotaph?

Keeping in mind that "I" and "J" were originally the same letter, there is one verse in the Bible which contains all the letters of the alphabet. It is Ezra, chap. 7, verse 21.



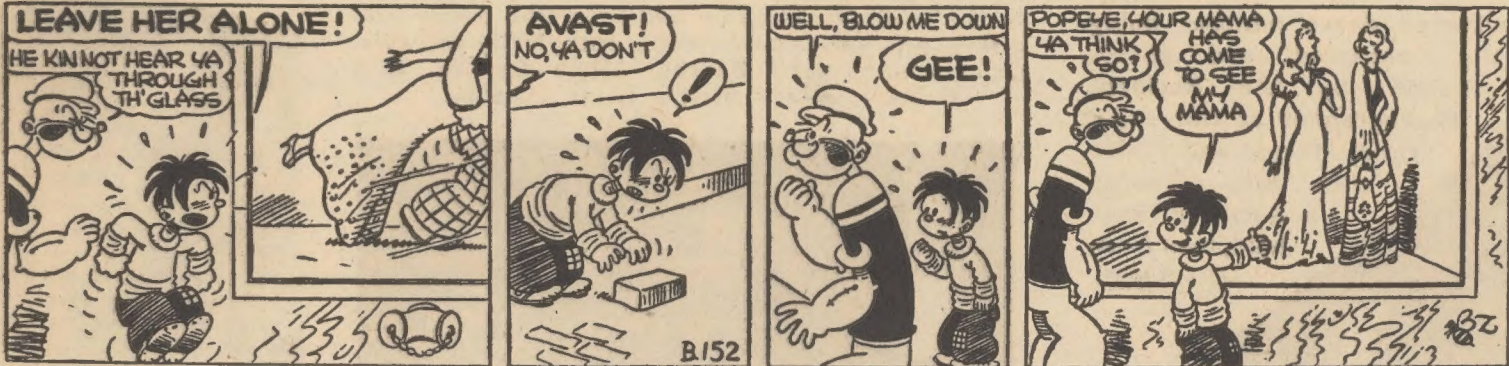
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

sirous of impressing us with the idea that being among the Hap-pars, we ought to consider our-selves perfectly secure.

Although I had some lingering doubts, I feigned great delight with Toby at this announcement, while my companion broke out into a pantomimic abhorrence of Typee, and immeasurable love for the par-ticular valley in which we were; our guides all the while gazing un-easily at one another, as if at a loss to account for our conduct.

They hurried on, and we fol-lowed them; until suddenly they set up a strange halloo, which was answered from beyond the grove through which we were passing, and the next moment we entered upon some open ground, at the ex-tremity of which we descried a long, low hut, and in front of it were several young girls.

Answer to Who Is It?
OLD UNCLE TOM COBLEY--
and all

As soon as they perceived us they fled with wild screams into the adjoining thickets, like so many startled fawns. A few moments after the whole valley resounded with savage outcries, and the natives came running towards us from every direction.

Had an army of invaders made an irruption into their territory, they could not have evinced greater excitement. We were soon completely encircled by a dense throng, and in their eager desire to behold us, they almost arrested our progress; an equal number sur-rounding our youthful guides, who, with amazing volubility, appeared


This England and these English

DAY by day, we see "This England" in pictures. Let us, for a change, recall some of the things that have been said about this England and about these English.

UNCONQUERABLE.

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a con-queror,
But when it first did learn to wound itself.

—William Shakespeare.



to be detailing the circumstances which had attended their meeting with us. Every item of intelligence appeared to redouble the astonish-ment of the islanders, and they gazed at us with inquiring looks.

At last we reached a large and handsome building of bamboos, and were by signs told to enter it, the natives opening a lane for us through which to pass; on enter-ing, without ceremony we threw our exhausted frames upon the mats that covered the floor.

In a moment the slight tene-ment was completely full of people, whilst those who were unable to obtain admittance gazed at us through its open cane-work.

It was now evening, and by the dim light we could just discern the savage countenances around us, gleaming with wild curiosity and wonder; the naked forms and tattooed limbs of brawny warriors, with here and there the slighter figures of young girls, all engaged in a perfect storm of conversation, of which we were of course the one only theme; whilst our recent guides were fully occupied in answering the innumerable ques-tions which every one put to them.

(Continued to-morrow)

Twenty fingers make one Man

By MAURICE BENSLEY

IN this advanced mechanical age, precision measurement has become so essential that the little piece of steel in one gauge block is actually able to measure fits and clearances equal to 1/1,500th the thickness of a human hair!

High precision has reached a stage be-yond which it is difficult to imagine further development. But so, no doubt, believed the craftsmen of yesterday, when trade and building were first practised in real earnest and man felt the want of well-defined stan-dards of measurement.

Ancient Egypt devised the cubit. Probably it was thought the perfect measure, though it was the first unit of measurement ever used.

It equalled the length of a man's fore-arm from elbow to middle finger-tip; varying in different persons, the average was 20 inches.

For smaller reckonings, men used a human palm—the average width of an open palm at the fingers' base (about three inches).

When building and other plans began to be drawn to scale, the need of a still smaller unit gave birth to the digit—breadth of a finger, or about 1/4-inch.

MORE OR LESS.

An "average" measurement was good enough when a little bit more or less didn't matter over-much. But when competition became keener, traders cried out for measure-ments that were fixed and unvarying. If Simon the paper merchant sold his customers 20 inches of parchment to the cubit, while David could only stretch his fore-arm to a maximum of 19 inches, the public—could you blame them?—took their custom to the more fortunate Simon.

And so—though some time later—arose the lawful yard. By Royal decree, Henry I fixed it as the distance between his nose and the end of the thumb of his outstretched arm.

Wooden rules were constructed, and these ever since have conformed to the gold-studded bronze bar of the British Standard Yard at the Standards Department of the Board of Trade.

You can see duplicates on the north side of Trafalgar Square and other parts of London. The same bronze tablets portray the foot, stabilised two centuries later from the length of an average man's foot; and the inch, from three barleycorns placed end to end.

RULE OF THE ROD.

Time was when England's prosperity was measured by the acreage under the plough. But farmers had no gauge by which they might allot this portion of land to wheat and that to barley. So one sunny Sunday morn in the late 16th century, as black-coated, steeple-hatted worshippers filed devoutly out of church, they found a Government official awaiting them, armed with a long pole.

Laying it on the ground, he bade sixteen men line up sideways beside it. From this odd, but historical, little ceremony grew the legal rod, and farmers and landowners blessed a high-hat Government for a fleet-ing moment of parental solicitude.

Seafarers long ago thought out their own mensuration. Cables and fathoms are almost as old as the salt water lengths they are used to measure. Incidentally, the fathom was based on the space to which a man could extend both arms.

Even to-day some measures are still mis-leading, perhaps deliberately so. The modern trader's bunch, spray, head, dozen, though convenient and profitable for the seller—can be a snare and a delusion to the buyer.

Somebody at last tumbled to this, and there was an attempt at reform by ordering certain fruits to be sold by weight, not by the dozen.

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12					13			
14				15				
16				17				
		18			19		20	
21		22		23			24	25
26	27		28			29		
30					31			
32						33		
34					35			

CLUES ACROSS.

- Domestic animal.
- Was painful.
- Remarkably.
- Struggle.
- Business.
- Conveyed.
- Related.
- Colliers.
- Rail-support.
- Celebrated.
- Mark making "O" sibilant.
- Ories of hen.
- Joint of meat.
- Rascal.
- Walked.
- Mature people.
- Air.
- Baker's shovels.
- Garments.

CLUES DOWN.

- Golf strokes.
- Open for display.
- Balance dish.
- Soaked through.
- Dressed.
- Herring measure.
- Rambled.
- Always.
- Stupid.
- Allots.
- Scores at billiards.
- Expand.
- Customer.
- Discard.
- Piece of music.
- Central curve.
- S. American mountains.
- Vein of metal.
- Select.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

S	L	A	N	W	H	I	M	S
H	O	M	A	G	E	N	O	S
E	B	B	S	R	A	N	T	E
E	T	H	E	L	E	R	A	
T	H	R	E	E	L	A	T	
A	R	A	P	I	D	A		
B	U	R	S	T	E	V	I	L
A	L	E	I	D	E	R		
B	E	A	R	D	S			
E	D	D						
S	E	R	E	S	E	W	N	

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

SHOW IN THE MAKING— SHOW NOW ON!

THE footlight bulbs were still warm—the stage boards were still reverberating to the dancing feet of this Show in the Making—when, through the amplifier in the Canteen of the Windmill Theatre came the voice of the Stage Manager: "Calling Huia—Calling Huia—on the stage in two minutes for the opening number."

Huia was in the morning Shadow Show which ended at 12 noon. Huia was in the Show Now On at 12.15, and Huia had meanwhile snatched a cup of coffee in her dressing gown.

This is Photo Call Day and Dress Rehearsal for the next month of Revuede-ville. A day in which the lens of the camera and the eyes of the artistes "standing by" are the unblinking critics of every item as the public will see it. It is a day of intense and intimate team-work—a day, too, for intimate and unposed pictures by George Greenwell, "Good Morning" Cameraman, who was present. To the outside world the Windmill show is non-stop from shortly after noon. To the artistes and staff it is non-stop from much earlier than that. Yet these people still find time to give shows in their "time off" to the Merchant Navy at their clubs, to Fighter Squadrons at their stations, and to Service charity concerts in many places near London.



Huia Cooper (remember "Pewee"?) snatches a coffee after Dress Rehearsal while waiting her stage-call for the day's show.



The critics for each number are the fellow artistes in the stalls—formidable audience who never pass a flaw, and whose comment is technically valuable. (Left to right) Jean Barron, Linda Carroll, Cliff Gordon, Betty Malin, Louis Hayden.

A partnered dance number being finally rehearsed, and photographed by the Resident Photographer at the same time. Margot and Claire with John Thorpe and Ronald Theobald, seen from the wings.



(Left) A helping hand before Vicki goes on stage. Linda sees some small adjustment at the last second, and, without hesitation or asking, tends to Linda's dress. No team work is spared here—no detail is too unimportant to put right or improve.

(Right) Stage Director John Gale, the eyes, ears and brain behind the production of Revuede-ville as you see it. The head of a team in which artiste and stage hand, electrician and dresser, work as one to the bidding of "Johnny."



Resident Cameraman E. Horton has photographed more lovelies than most people have ever seen. This is the big day in which he gets the pictures that are to publicise the next show—they go to the Press, and in the show-cases outside the Windmill.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

